

The Souldiers pole is false: young Boyes and Gyrls  
Are leuill now with men: The oddes is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting Moone.

*Char.* Oh quietnesse, Lady.

*Ir.* She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

*Char.* Lady.

*Ir.* Madam.

*Char.* Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

*Ir.* Royall Egypt: Empresse.

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Ir.*

*Cleo.* No more but in a Woman, and commanded  
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,  
And doe's the meanest chaires. It were for me,  
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,  
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,  
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:  
Patience is fortifish, and impatience does  
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?  
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?  
My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke  
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heart,  
We'll bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,  
Let's doe't after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,  
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.  
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend  
But Resolution, and the breefest end.

*Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.*

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with  
his Counsell of Warre.*

*Caesar.* Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,  
Being so frustrate, tell him,  
He mockes the pawfes that he makes.

*Dol.* *Caesar*, I shall.

*Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.*

*Ces.* Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st  
Appeare thus to vs?

*Dec.* I am call'd *Decretas*,

Marke *Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthe  
Best to be seru'd: whil' he stood vp, and spoke  
He was my Master, and I wore my life  
To spend vpon his hangers. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him,  
He be to *Caesar*: if y pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

*Caesar.* What is't thou say'st?

*Dec.* I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

*Caesar.* The breaking of so great a thing, should make  
A greater cracke. The round World  
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,  
And Citizens to their denues. The death of *Anthony*  
Is not a single doome, in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Dec.* He is dead *Caesar*,

Nor by a publike minister of Iustice,  
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand  
Which writ his Honor in the Airts it did,  
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,  
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd  
With his most Noble blood.

*Ces.* Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings  
To wash the eyes of Kings.

*Dol.* And strange it is,  
That Nature must compell vs to lament  
Our most persifted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

*Dola.* A Rarer spirit neuer  
Did seere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs  
Some faults to make vs men, *Caesar* is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see him selfe.

*Caesar.* Oh *Anthony*,  
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch  
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce  
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day.  
Or looke on thine: we could not stail together,  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament  
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,  
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,  
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,  
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,  
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart  
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres  
Vnreconcilable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.  
Heare me good Friends,  
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,  
The businesse of this man lookes out of him,  
We'll heare him what he sayes.

*Enter an Egyptian.*

Whence are you?

*Egyp.* A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress  
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument  
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame her selfe  
To'th way shee's forc'd too.

*Caesar.* Bid her haue good heart,  
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,  
How honourable, and how kindly Wee  
Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

*Egyp.* So the Gods preserve thee. *Exit.*

*Ces.* Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say  
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require;  
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke  
She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,  
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,  
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,  
And how you finde of her.

*Pro.* *Caesar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*

*Ces.* *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se-  
cond *Proculeius*?

*All.* *Dolabella*.

*Ces.* Let him alone: for I remember now  
How hee's employd: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,  
How calme and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see  
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Caesar*:  
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,  
A minister of her will: and it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp change;  
Which sleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,  
The beggers Nurse, and *Cesars*.

*Enter Proculeius.*

*Pro.* *Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,  
And bids thee study on what faire demands  
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

*Cleo.* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is *Proculeius*.

*Cleo.* *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd  
That haue no vie for trusting. If your Master  
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,  
That Majesty to keepe decorum, must  
No lesse begges then a Kingdome: If he please  
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,  
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I  
Will kneele to him with thankses.

*Pro.* Be of good cheere:

'Tis false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,  
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,  
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer  
On all that neede. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde  
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

*Cleo.* Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him  
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne  
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly  
Looke him i'th' Face.

*Pro.* This Ile report (deere Lady)  
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Pro.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:  
Guard her till *Caesar* come.

*Ir.* Royall Queene.

*Char.* Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

*Cleo.* Quickie, quickie, good hands,

*Pro.* Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this  
Releu'd, but not betrayd.

*Cleo.* What of death too that ride our dogs of languish  
*Pro.* *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by  
Th'vdoing of your selfe: Let the World see  
His Noblenesse well asted, which your death  
Will neuer let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene  
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

*Pro.* Oh temperance Lady.

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke fir,  
If idle talke will once be necessary  
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,  
Do *Caesar* what he can. Know fir, that I  
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,  
Nor once be chaffie'd with the sober eye  
Of dull *Octauian*. Shall they boyft me vp,  
And shew me to the howling Varlotarie  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.  
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus muddie  
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies  
Blow me into abhorring; rather make  
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,

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